

## HOW IS IT DONE?

## The Startling Manifestations of a Sixth Sight by a

## SMALL PEASANT BOY.

In Norway Who Has Located Missing Persons, Found Lost Articles and Unravels Murder and Other Mysteries in a Way That No One So Far Has Been Able to Satisfactorily Explain.

A letter from London to the New York American says there can be no further doubt that the marvelous clairvoyant powers of Johann Floetum, the fourteen-year-old farm boy whose "sixth sense" has enabled him to perform feats that have set the whole of Norway, his native country, talking.

He has located missing articles, explained mysterious murders, revealed the spot where the body of a missing child lay, and directed the police in many searches for criminals.

Sir Henry Seton-Karr, the noted traveler and hunter of big game, has lately returned from a visit at the home of this remarkable boy, where he tested his occult gift with results which enabled Sir Henry to endorse all that has been claimed for it.

Sir Henry describes Johann Floetum as an apparently normal and healthy Norwegian farm lad of the peasant class, of good size for his age, which is barely fourteen. A closer inspection reveals, however, a pair of eyes which seem to have the habit of turning their glances inward—rather, a lifting of the pupils until they are nearly or quite veiled by the upper lids.

When engaged in ordinary conversation the lad's glance is frank and his eyes do not appear different from those of ordinary persons. It is when Johann exerts his strange power of "seeing" things which have happened, or are happening, elsewhere, that this transformation in his organs of vision occurs.

Sir Henry's visit to the lad's home was at a time last Spring when Johann's powers were about to be put to a most exacting test. Being owner of an elk forest not far from Sing-Sass, the boy's native place, Sir Henry had heard much of the gossip circulating about the neighborhood concerning Johann's feats of clairvoyance. And he knew the sad story of the little girl who was lost in the woods near Aalesund two years before, the mystery of whose fate was now expected to be solved by the "sixth sense" of Johann Floetum.

This widely announced test of the boy's powers was looked upon as a great occasion, especially by the peasant class. For many miles about Sing-Sass came peasants of both sexes, in their quaint national costumes, full of confidence that the boy would tell what had become of little lost Sophia.

"Johann, my boy, you used to know little Sophia, didn't you?" queried Sir Henry. "The little girl who has been missing two years?"

"Yes, sir, we used to go to the same school," said Johann.

"Try and tell us what has become of her; tell us where we can find little Sophia." Sir Henry urged gently.

Johann did not appear to go into the conventional trance. At first he seemed to be looking far, far away towards the mountains at Aalesund. Gradually his glance turned inward, until they were concealed by the lids. Every now and then he passed his hand lightly across his brow.

Presently his lips began to move. Presently he became absolutely silent. At length the boy began speaking, hesitatingly, in low, dreamy tones.

He said he saw the little girl leaving her home with the permission of an elder sister to go and pick berries. He saw her pass her father who was at work in a field near the house and disappear in the mountainous woods. He said he saw her picking berries and she was happy and singing. Then he said he saw her sad and she was going in the wrong way. Then he concluded by saying:

"If see poor, lost—little—Sophia crying and stumbling along by the river. I—see her—foot tripped—by a vine—and she falls—into—the river. I hear her screams, and—I—see—her—carried swiftly over the falls. Now—something seems to—hide her from—me."

The peasants are powerfully stirred in their emotions. They lean forward eagerly as Johann breathes his forehead absently. Now his lips move again, and he says, with absolute certainty in his voice:

"I seem to see little Sophia's body lying at the bottom of the waterfall."

At this point Johann comes out of his trance-like state. It was not really a trance, for he remembers all the details of what he has seen.

"Ja, ja, ja," says a peasant from Aalesund. "I know that waterfall. Come, neighbors, we will go and find the body of little Sophia."

Sir Henry Seton-Karr returned to his hunting lodge in his elk forest, where a few days later he learned from a message he had sent to Aalesund that the body of little Sophia, two years after her disappearance, had been found under the waterfall, exactly as described by Johann Floetum.

Thereupon Sir Henry invited the boy to his hunting lodge as a guest desiring to make the most thorough personal tests of his clairvoyance. One extraordinary episode Sir Henry describes as follows:

"To come to my own experiences with Floetum, I may say that they came about through elk hunting, and a certain amount of 'chaff' in reward to a big bull elk which I wounded four years ago in my forest, but could not trace, and whose head I much desired to find.

"There was snow on the ground at the time, but although I followed the trail of blood for a whole day I never found the beast, and I often wondered at its immense staying power. The rain which followed completely spoiled the trail for the dogs.

"I invited young Floetum to take coffee with me and discuss that big bull elk. He is an intelligent type of the Norwegian boy, about fourteen years of age. There is no affect-

tation about him, and when he is asked a question he puts his elbows on the table, covers his eyes with his hands, and describes minutely what he 'sees.'

"I talk Norwegian, and I explained to him where I had started from. Then I drew a rough map for him, and asked him to describe the trail of the elk.

"This he did with his eyes closed. It was an amazingly circuitous trail, ending at a pool where, he said, the head and leg bones now lie.

"I next asked him to draw a straight line from the spot where I shot the elk to the pool. This was the most amazing part of the performance.

"Without a moment's hesitation he drew a straight line from one spot to the other, with his eyes closed, marking off with his pencil intervals of a hundred yards. He informed me that the spot where the head lies is exactly 1,800 yards, as the crow flies, from the spot where I shot the animal.

"One of the 'intervals' was a trifle shorter than the others. When I asked him the reason for this he explained that he was taking into account a sharp dip in the ground at this spot. This particular dip I know well, and I was more impressed by this little detail in the boy's drawing than by anything else.

"Of course I am having the spot explored, and in a few days I shall hear if the elk head is where the boy saw it! I should certainly not be surprised if it were."

Strangely enough, a few days after Sir Henry made the foregoing statement, he received word from his game-keeper at the elk forest, that the head and leg bones had been found in exactly the spot described by Johann Floetum.

All accounts agree that Johann, a simple minded, honest lad, had no idea of putting his rare gift to his own pecuniary advantage. He has seemed to regard as a joke several offers from dime museum and music hall managers. He seems quite satisfied with the gratitude of neighbors, and visitors from distant parts of Norway, when his "sixth sense" has solved difficulties for them.

A year ago many farmers of his neighborhood complained of mysterious losses of sheep. They went to Johann about it. He went into his trance like state and "saw" the mischievous sheep shot and eaten by "riper" (red grouse) hunters, a class of sportsman who live on what they can capture.

This verdict, strengthened by the prestige of the boy's fame, was circulated everywhere, with the result that no more sheep were missed.

One day in the winter a peasant came to Johann lamenting the loss of his old silver watch, an heirloom in his family. Young Floetum "saw" it buried in a snow drift where the peasant had dropped it. He gave an accurate description of the spot and there the delighted old man found his property.

A resident of a neighboring town, a man not well balanced mentally, disappeared and was searched for in vain. Johann was appealed to. He described a deep pool in a running by the town, and there, at the bottom of the pool, the body of the demented man was found.

At the present time most of the inhabitants of Norway are exercised by the success or failure to locate Anna Jensen, a young girl stolen from her home by a carriage driver by the name of Johann. The boy declared that he "saw" the girl being carried by tramps to the sea coast, thence into the mountains and there concealed in a certain cave.

"The girl is alive," he said. "But she has suffered terribly and is much emaciated."

He described the mountains and their location with so much detail that there was no difficulty in identifying them.

More than two hundred peasants engaged in the search for Anna Jensen in the mountains. In Anna Jensen's fate was so intense that a large party of soldiers equipped for mountain travel, was sent out to assist in the popular undertaking.

The cave was finally found, just as it had been described by Johann Floetum, but owing to its size and many winding branches, could not then be thoroughly explored.

Sir Henry said that when he left Norway preparations were complete for a thorough search of every part of the cavern, and there was a general expectation that it would prove successful—so firm is the faith of his countrymen in the occult powers of Johann Floetum.

Naturally, public confidence in Johann's clairvoyant powers has come to be shared by public officials in the part of Norway where he lives. Upon several occasions the police have sought his aid in solving criminal mysteries—usually with complete success.

Last Spring the police were at their wits' end to account for a series of robberies committed in a fine country mansion not far from Sir Henry Seton-Karr's hunting lodge. Several tramps were arrested, but the robberies continued. Finally Johann was appealed to. He went into his trance-like state and "saw" the confidential man servant of the owner of the house stealing money and plate, which he hid untillable to dispose of it in Christiania. Confronted with Johann's statement, the man confessed.

Johann has many visitors of scientific pretensions, interested in trying to explain his strange power. They have come to the little town to Sing-Sass from Christiania, from Stockholm, and even from the German universities.

The theory finally arrived at, after many tests, like those here described, is that Johann's clairvoyance is a "sensitive" and a natural clairvoyance—something which science has not yet been able to explain, but which is accounted for in set scientific terms.

PROFESSOR Joseph H. Drake, of the law department of the university of Michigan, has startled his class by declaring that he would favor electing Theodore Roosevelt as president of this country. This bold professor is evidently tired of teaching and is on the lookout for a government job.

AFTER December 10 there will be a rush for cotton on the part of the spinners and exporters, and the price will advance because the government report will show that the crop is short, very short.

The farmers can depend on the banks of this country to help them all they can in the fight for better cotton prices. But the banks lack the balance of us, have limitations as to the money they can get.

## PAYS TO BE POLITE.

Some Suggestions All of Us Should Remember and Practice.

It does not cost anything to be polite to your friends and acquaintances and incidentally it goes a long way toward making life pleasant for yourself.

A civil servant makes more friends that a gruff one, and a smile succeeds where a frown fails.

We have no right to impose our little tempers and annoyances on our fellow-beings.

The fact that one person annoys us does not justify us in visiting it on the next person we meet. And yet that is what a great many of us do. One trivial annoyance often upsets us for the whole day.

Some people have the happy knack of showing courtesy to everyone with whom they come in contact. It is a delightful quality and one which brings its possessor great popularity.

Abruptness is a hard fault to cure, and yet it can be done. You see, it is so easy to hurt people's feelings by speaking abruptly to them. It may be done quite unintentional but nevertheless the fact remains that it is done. And the funny thing about it is that those who are most given to hurting others are generally very easily hurt themselves.

The quickest way of curing a habit is by never forgetting that you are curing it.

If you are inclined to be brusque, abrupt and harsh spoken, you must keep the thought constantly on your mind. Underneath all that you are doing must run the refrain, "I must be pleasant, I must be courteous."

When anyone asks you a civil question, don't snap this head off with a sharp answer. You can at least answer civilly.

There is one special case of incivility that we see illustrated too often. It is that of strangers or old people asking the way to certain points or streets. Nine out of ten persons whom they ask look as if they are being insulted. And yet the request is a perfectly ordinary one, and surely demands a civil answer. There are thousands of other instances just as simple.

Don't think that you can save your politeness for those you like or for those whom you dare not be anything but polite. If you want to get on well you must be polite to everybody.

Sometimes you find people who are models of courtesy when among strangers and demons of incivility in the home circle.

The politeness that is only kept for show is a pretty poor brand, hardly worth dignifying with the name.

Politeness isn't a virtue—it's an absolute necessity, and the more of it you practice in your everyday life the better off you will be.—Merchants Journal.

## INVENTOR OF ARTIFICIAL ICE

Was Dr. Gorrie a Native of Charleston, S. C.

We clip the following interesting paragraph from the Atlanta Journal:

Editor of the Journal: Sir: I note in your issue on Monday the following paragraph: "Florida papers are mentioning Dr. John Gorrie as a candidate for the Hall of Fame. Now, who in thunder is the gentleman?"

In his anxiety to turn a humorous paragraph your paragraph has been an ignorance that would be surprising were it not so common among all our people. So little do we know about men who performed great services to mankind before the days of press agents.

Dr. John Gorrie, a physician residing in Apalachicola, Fla., invented the process for making ice, being, despite the claims of certain Frenchmen, the first man to produce ice by artificial means. In his earliest desire to make comfortable a feverish patient, Dr. Gorrie produced ice by mechanical means, utilizing his knowledge of chemistry, and thus laid the foundation of an industry which to-day numbers more than three thousand ice plants and a considerably larger number of cold storage plants.

Dr. Gorrie's invention was ridiculed by New York papers to such an extent that he could obtain no financial backing to build machines large enough for commercial purposes. He lived without seeing the Gorrie system applied on a large scale.

There is a handsome monument to Dr. Gorrie, who was a native of Charleston, S. C., standing in Apalachicola, where the first ice was made in which nature played no part. His name is perpetuated in the corporate titles of many large ice manufacturing companies in the coast cities, Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans, where the first factories were built.

Not six months ago The Journal published in the Haskins series all account of Dr. Gorrie's invention. No man could be commemorated in the Hall of Fame who did more for the comfort of his fellow men in the warm climates throughout the world, and incidentally for the preservation of food products in all lands.

Geo. D. Lowe, Editor "Ice," Atlanta, Ga.

Caught Up With.

The case of John R. Walsh, ex-president of the Chicago National bank and owner of the defunct Chicago Chronicle, is in the federal court at Chicago charged with bank wrecking. An Associated Press dispatch says: "The government will attempt to show that Walsh took from the Chicago National bank, the Equitable Trust company and the Home Savings bank, \$14,000,000. In his statement Mr. Walsh declared that Walsh obtained the ownership of various large properties without cost to himself by using the funds of the banks. He detailed a number of Walsh's financial ventures, asserting that he issued great blocks of worthless stock, which he sold to his bank taking the money to float his personal enterprises." Before the campaign of 1896 Walsh pretended to be a Democrat and his paper pretended to be a Democratic paper. When Mr. Bryan was nominated Walsh posed as a defender of the national honor, and he and his paper both declared for the Republican or the Assistant Republican ticket.

as they could not support a man who wanted to make dollars of silver. His borrowed innocent parade out of \$14,000,000.

## LICKING FOR BAD MAN

## Western Editor Makes Quick Work of Two-Gun Tough.

Vickers Pitted His Fists and Teeth Against Braggard Who Was Afraid To Stand Before a Man.

Quick thinking has done as much as any other agency in ridding the West of its two-gun bad men. Armed officers of the law have rendered the life of the professional robber too unsafe to pursue, but the gunless man with nerve and muscle has played his important part in ridding many a community of a "bully," who wielded a .44 but was a coward at heart.

Jack Vickers, editor of a newspaper in Leadville, Col., was one of the latter type of men. In his day he was a prospector miner, freighter and cow gouser in the West and Southwest. His last encounter is worth mentioning.

After a varied life, Vickers turned out to be an editor. He was a printer by trade and hailed from Philadelphia. In the rush for land in Leadville there were many Easterners. They were tenderfoot and easily imposed upon. It so happened that a man named Jeff Hudson was on hand to do all the imposing work. Frequent complaints came to Vickers of Hudson's doings until finally the editor decided to do something for his subscribers and friends. He knew Hudson and his record, and wrote him up in fine fashion, declaring he was a bully and a coward; that he had killed two men in Arizona and one in New Mexico, and that in both cases he shot the men in the back. Everybody declared Vickers would be killed. When Hudson returned to Leadville from Denver, he hunted up Vickers and rushed into the editor's room, gun in hand.

"Oh, you're an editor, you and your kind," was Hudson's greeting. "So you're the Tucson mule-whacking shrimp that write these things about me, eh?" Vickers began to utter some inconsequential things and, with face drawn into an expression of agony, began to rock back and forth in his chair. This pleased Hudson and as he had a habit of spitting into the face of his victim before shooting he approached Vickers, but here his triumph ended. Vickers whirled in his seat and Hudson's right hand came between his teeth and his limit to bite with his finger. Hudson screamed, struck, fought, and finally dropped the gun. Then Hudson released his wolf's grip, made a sudden spring and butted his head into Jack Hudson's protruding chin. The braggard's tongue was lolling apart way out his mouth at that instant and he bit the member almost in two.

Hudson dazed and half conscious from a blow from the butt of his own gun began to beg off, but his final departure was made simple by a blow from Vickers' boot which sent him sprawling down the rickety stairway. Hudson quit the town that night and never returned. The story of the bully's downfall spread like wildfire. Vickers thought nothing of it. Later when one of his employees returned to the office and asked if anyone had been in Vickers' room, he replied: "Ye-ah but he didn't subscribe."

Railing at the Farmer.

Mr. E. B. Parker general counsel of the Southern Pacific Railroad, seems to think that the farmers are committing a great crime by keeping their cotton off the market. He says the Texas farmers are holding 500,000 bales of cotton, worth \$250,000,000, and that amount of gold is kept from coming to this country from Europe to relieve the financial situation. What naughty farmers! In the words of the Saturday Evening Post, what traitorous farmers! Of course we agree with Mr. Parker that they should be dealt with by the attorney general of the United States, and their trust broken up.

It is wrong, and highly distasteful in the chief law officer of the realm to go for the Standard Oil company and other trusts, hauling them over the coals and fining them exorbitant sums, and let this farmers' trust go scot-free. Why, are they not interfering with the laws of trade—not exactly the intercommerical laws between the states—but those laws that keep the foreigners' gold out of the country, to the great detriment of its financial prosperity? By all manner of means, break up the trust of the Southern farmers and make them sell their cotton. What right have they to hold it.

That is the way Mr. Parker, the paid hirling of a railroad corporation, looks at the matter, says the Columbia Record. He wants the farmer of the South kept in the position a "hewer of wood and drawer of water" for all of his kind. And when the Southern farmer, after getting a taste of freedom, declines the further honor, then Mr. Parker gets mad, tears his hair, and says so ridiculous things. Doubtless his road, the Southern Pacific, is suffering just now by not getting the cotton to haul. But that isn't going to nerve the holders of cotton the least little bit. They will simply grin and tell Mr. Parker to go way back and sit down. They raised the cotton, and regardless of what this hot railroad lawyer may think or say, they have a sneaking notion they have the right to do what they please with it—hold it, or sell it, or burn it. And neither Mr. Parker nor Mr. Attorney General nor Mr. Anybody Else has any right to interfere.

If the farmers maintain their solid front, the Price bear pool will be compelled to pay them the price for their cotton to which they are entitled. Now is the chance for the farmers to make the bear gamblers dance to their music, and they should do it by hanging to their cotton.

If you have any money you are not using put it in one of the banks. It will enable the banks to help the farmers hold their cotton and win the grand battle they are now fighting. All of our banks are perfectly safe.

The general impression in Washington is that Roosevelt has been considerably "runned" by the trust magnates, and he will have no more to say about them, not even the bad ones.

## AN AGE OF WONDERS.

Twentieth Century to be Marked by Remarkable Events.

The present population of the world is living in a wonderful age, says The Boston Globe. The history of the nineteenth century is full of events which caused astonishment, yet things of an equally remarkable nature appear destined to mark even the first twenty-five years of the twentieth century. A few wonderful achievements in this century are worthy of consideration.

A few weeks ago the residents of London were gazing in admiration at the movement of an aerial ship which floated gracefully over the thousands of buildings in that great metropolis at the rate of twenty miles an hour, but its voyage was limited to a total of about fifty-two miles. This aerial ship was constructed and Londoners probably felt that in time of war it would be of great use with enough of such air craft for the purpose of observing the forces of an enemy, as well as to drop explosives therefrom.

Paris has been experimenting successfully for several years with similar airships. The Frenchmen are far in advance of the Britishers in this class of experiments.

And now the United States comes to the front with balloons that are making record flights throughout the West, soaring over the Great Lakes, and even venturing as far as Canadian territory. Flights of hundreds of miles in these American balloons are becoming common now by real "sky pilots."

Our War Department officials are excusable for feeling highly elated over the remarkable success of these American balloon pilots, for it means that in time of war the United States will be up to date with any other power in this particular line.

In the last century ballooning was looked upon as merely a fascinating and dangerous amusement; now it is being utilized for very important purposes.

Modern navigation may be in its infancy, but its progress is destined to be so very rapid that the present generation will witness wonderful achievements in it.

How many individuals of the last century would have believed it possible for many thousands of words to be sent across the Atlantic ocean by wireless telegraphy in the early years of this century? Yet this has been accomplished.

In the electrical world the number of inventions is unlimited and the most distant electrician does not hesitate to prophesy any limit to them. In fact it is felt that this century will witness even more marvelous achievements through the aid of electricity than any yet known. Even Edison in spite of his phenomenal success, is still so fascinated with the possibilities of new discoveries that he can not retire permanently from the field. There is scarcely a leading industry in the land that has not experienced a benefit from some species of electrical equipment in recent years.

The list of extraordinary events and inventions during the first years of this century is a long one, but the slightest consideration of it will convince anyone that he is living in a wonderful age.

## NEW WAY TO "PHONE."

Girls Find Method That Will Transmit Heart Throbs to Lovers.

It is not necessary to place the lips near the transmitter of a telephone to be heard at the other end of the wire, providing the transmitter be placed firmly against the chest and one speaks in a natural tone. This discovery was made recently by two young women of the St. Louis (Mo.) fashionable set. The principle involved is the same as that in the physician's stethoscope.

Experiments developed the fact that the conversation can be carried on with the transmitter placed on any part of the body, even the top of the head or on the knee. It is not yet on record whether heart throbs may be communicated over the wire between sweethearts.

Among the advantages of the new system which, in addition to knocking away all stereotyped rules as to how to talk, contained in the telephone book, are that it is germ proof and "non-fatiguing, since the transmitter may be switched from place to place in conversing with sweethearts without the least inconvenience, even the intuitive voice cannot detect suspicious odors under the modern plan in talking to her husband. The directions are simple: place the transmitter firmly against the chest or other part of the body and speak in a clear, conversational tone.

Prof. Calvin M. Woodward, one of the scientists of Washington university, explained that there was nothing new in the principle, but admitted he had never before thought of its application to the telephone. He said the sound vibrations in the lungs is communicated through the chest, instead of through the lips and then carried over the wire in the usual way.

"The chest system," he said, "is in accordance with the principle of the physicians' stethoscope."

## Can't Tell the Truth.

The New York World is at it again, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, is at it yet, for its misrepresentation is continuous, persistent and intentional. It gives a map of the United States showing the republican states in black and the democratic states in white, and it charges Bryanism with having turned the country over to the republican party. It, of course ignores the fact that its element controlled the party in 1894 when the republicans won a more sweeping victory than they did in either 1896 or 1900. Mr. Bryan can not be blamed for the republican victory of 1894. And how about 1904? The World insisted on the nomination of a New York man and picked out the man, and it vociferously advised the candidate all through the campaign.

The defeat of 1904 was much worse than the defeat of 1896 or 1900, even worse than the defeat of 1894, and yet the World has the impudence to offer advice. It presumes to tell the Democrats how to win! It does not comment on the intelligence of its readers when it misrepresents a situation which even they must understand.

The World, like a great many other papers, don't seem to be able to tell the truth when talking about Mr. Bryan.

## FIGHT NOT ENDED.

## Vigorous Protest Against the Dispensary at Elloree

Opponents of the Dispensary Allege Unfair Methods and Assert That Majority Don't Want It Reopened.

The fight over the reopening of the dispensary at Elloree still goes on, and it is likely to go on until the matter is settled according to the openly expressed wishes of the people mostly interested. Last week we published the fact that the dispensary would be reopened in which article it was stated why the board had taken that action. Below we publish an article from Rev. Jno. A. Brunson protesting against the action of the board in regard to the opening of the dispensary, in which he asserts that a majority of the people of Elloree are opposed to the dispensary being reestablished. Mr. Brunson says:

"There is much indignation felt by many of the heaviest taxpayers and the most substantial citizens of Elloree at the recent decision of the Orangeburg Dispensary board to reopen the Elloree dispensary. They feel, and not without cause, that they have been treated unfairly; that the board, taking advantage of a loosely worded law, has thrust an evil institution upon them against their earnest protests.

"The board by its published statements has failed to show that a majority of the Elloree citizens are in favor of the dispensary. It claims as the result of Capt. Claff's canvass that 27 looked with favor upon the dispensary's return, 20 were opposed to it, 11 were indifferent and four were not interviewed. Thus it is seen, according to Capt. Claff's own figures that only 27 out of 62 voters expressed a willingness to have the dispensary reopen and upon the preference of this minority, and against the strong opposition of a number of the largest property owners and against the advice of their legal counselors, they have decided to reopen it. Is this fair?

"If a majority of the citizens in opposition to the movement was required to keep the dispensary out, then in fairness a majority of the citizens favoring it ought to be required to put it in. But 27 out of 62 do not constitute a majority, unless, perhaps, it is so considered in a dispensary caucus. What is sauce for the prohibition gangder ought to be sauce for the dispensary goose. Discriminations are odious.

"But this is not all. About one month ago 37 of our citizens, and among them 37 are some of the leading merchants and the largest property owners of the town, signed with their own hands a petition begging the board not to reopen the dispensary. And yesterday another merchant, who was absent when the petition was being circulated, asked to have his name affixed to the list, thereby increasing the number to 38. Yet in the face of this expression of the will of the people the board was not satisfied, and sent two of its members to Elloree to canvass the town again—an act of intrusion, be it observed, which lies beyond their jurisdiction.

"The law clearly defined the duties of dispensary boards, and it does not give them any authority to go to adjacent towns and personally conduct canvasses in behalf of the dispensary. But members of the Orangeburg board came to Elloree and the canvass was made with the result stated above. And this canvass is as unsatisfactory to the people of Elloree as the petition of the Elloree citizens was to them. The method they pursued in making the canvass is clearly not above suspicion. No petition was presented by any one nor was the signature of any one taken. Capt. Claff interviewed each man privately, and he told some, certainly, and perhaps all whom he interviewed, that their statements would be received in confidence and that their preference would not be made public. Secrecy in such a matter and under such circumstances awakens in many minds an apprehension of unfairness.

"A disposition to be perfectly open and fair with a proper respect for the rights of the citizens of Elloree, would have dictated the making of a full report of their work, disclosing each name for and against the measure. But no such report has ever been made to us. Our rights have been completely ignored. The only report we received was the announcement that the dispensary would be opened. The board says that 13 out of the 37 signers of our petition declared during the canvass either that they favored the dispensary or were indifferent. We would like to see those names together with a full report of their proceedings. An indignant, self-respecting people can not refuse to comply with their demands.

As the matter now stands the board and its liquor-advocating friends have not only disregarded the limits of courtesy and prudence, but they have offered insult to free and intelligent people, and have committed a grave offense against the principles of democracy. Their greed for grog and gold has led them too far. What the final result will be I can not foresee. But I hope that the people of the State will be led to see the unwisdom of a law that gives to a few men, called a dispensary board, the right to establish a dispensary or dispensaries, as said board may deem proper, and to demand its repeal. If such a result follows we of Elloree will not have suffered in vain.

"We have another complaint to lodge against the members of the board. They have repeatedly stated that the vicinity around Elloree is infested with 'blind tigers,' and have given that as one reason for reopening the dispensary. They have furthermore declared that they have evidence enough to convict the men whose names and places of business they know, who are engaged in the illicit sale of liquor. Yet they have taken no step towards prosecuting them, but have frequently used the facts obtained as an argument in favor of the dispensary. When asked why they did not prosecute the lawbreakers before opening the dispensary they replied, 'It is no use. The law is not convict. Do not prosecute them, then certainly they are promoting the spirit of lawlessness that is now blighting our country. We urge them to adhere their evidence and prosecute the offenders and then if the illicit trade can not be stopped it will be time to open a dispensary in competition and not before.'

## KILLS HIMSELF AND WIFE.

Brooklynite Shoots His Wife While She Lay Asleep.

John Whitney, one of the leading dealers in stoves, ranges and householding apparatus in Brooklyn, and vice president of the Reliance Company Bearing Door Hinges Company, killed his wife with two pistol shots early last week as she lay sleeping in her room on the ninth floor of the Hotel Belleclaire, Broadway and 77th street, Manhattan. Whitney then leaped from the window into the street, being killed instantly by the fall. Whitney was 60 years old and his wife 38. They had